

AN WOMEN IN ARMS TO FIGHT HUERTA



The wave of rebellion against the reign of Huerta, which is slowly but surely sweeping over Mexico, is felt in every hamlet and city in the province of Sonora. Here the women are banding into companies, as shown by this Magdalena detachment, ready to take up the cause which their husbands, fathers, brothers, sons and sweethearts are espousing.

TOOK LOOK AT ROME

Impression of Americans on Tour of Eternal City.

On Banks of River Tiber—Brief Resume of the Historical Sights of Ancient Capital Depicted in Humorous Vein.

London.—There is a large place down in Italy between Naples and Florence that is known as the Eternal City. You may have heard of it. It was the place, you know, where Romulus and Remus; Julius Caesar, the victim of the black hand plot; Nero, and some other famous persons used to hang out, and which was once saved from some one because a bunch of geese cackled at the psychological moment. Young Remus and his brother Romulus, it seems, started the place and it has been eternal ever since, although a number of lowbrows attacked it with armies and broke up great quantities of its statues and statues and tried to swipe it off the map in other ways. But it bit its thumb at all these agitators and still manages to worry along on the line and centesimal it can wheedle out of curious visitors. Hotel keepers have become its principal citizens.

For many, many persons, who just love antique things, go to see Rome every year. Yes, that is the name of the place, if you haven't already guessed it. If you want to do as the Romans do, you can call it Roma. The ruins are great stuff for those who like to investigate the civilization of the folks who lived at the time that Uncle Remus drew a circle on the map and called it Rome, and when Julius Caesar flashed the news to an eager world that all Gaul is divided into three parts. You must remember when he did that all the papers got out "extras."

We were in Pompeii one day and a soldier in the place that must have been the corner grocery of the Pompeians, for it still seems to be the favorite hang-out for soldiers, guides and other unemployed persons, told us that although these were pretty fair little ruins, if we wanted to see some ruins that were ruins we should run over to Rome for a few days. We had been out to the Blue Grotto the day before, and as we were still feeling rather blue from the experience, we decided to take a look at this Rome place and see if we couldn't get cheered up a bit.

So we caught a train that afternoon that happened to be going to the Eternal City. We entered a first-class compartment. The man who collects the tickets came around after a while and asked to see our tickets. He looked at them a moment and informed us in a grievous tone that they were for the second class compartment. We assured him politely that that was all right; that we should just as soon stay where we were, as we didn't like to change now that we were all settled. And just to show him that we had no hard feelings toward him we gave him a couple of lire. He understood at once our aversion to making a change and locked the door of our compartment so that we shouldn't be disturbed. Those conductors are charming fellows.

We arrived in Rome along about nine o'clock and took a carriage to a hotel. "In the Eternal City at last," we murmured. Every one else was saying the same thing in rapturous tones as he got into his carriage, so we did likewise, thinking it was customary; it seems to be a popular remark. Just like every one pulls the old one about seeing Naples and dying when he lands there.

Early the next morning we started out to see the Eternal City. We had to admit that it was quite a place, and that the two famous brothers started something when they founded the city. We strolled around to look at the Tiber. We couldn't discover why any one should look at the Tiber, but it seemed to be a popular pastime, so we joined the rest of them. Red Baedekers flashed in the sunlight as a long line of sightseers leaned on

THE JUDGE PUT HIS FINE

New York Magistrate Acts the True Sport Toward His Old Old Guide.

New York.—William R. Rhodes of Sanford, L. I., was one of three men arraigned before Justice Louis M. Glavin at Cedarhurst, L. I., charged with shooting ducks from a blind at Bedford. All pleaded guilty, and Justice Glavin, a keen sportsman, fined each \$10, the minimum.

KILLS HER FOR SLUR ON GABY

New York Man Infatuated With Dancer Stabs His Woman Companion for Remark.

New York.—From the first time that William Twist of the Bronx saw Gaby Deslys dance on the stage he was so struck with her beauty and grace that he became infatuated with her. Although he was not personally acquainted with the dancer, Twist so revered her name that when Miss Louise White made a disparaging remark about the music hall performer he drew a knife and stabbed Miss White to death, inflicting twelve wounds as he attacked the woman in a hallway.

Then Twist gave himself up to Police Sergeant John T. Meade, who found the slayer standing near the body in the hallway of the home of Miss White.

"It was this way," said White. "I saw Gaby Deslys dancing and I was



Gaby Deslys.

willing to marry her—I loved her so much—and so, when I met this woman on the street and took her home and she made some remarks about the woman I loved, I became so angry that I took out my knife and stabbed her. Now, that's about all there is to it."

act as a rudimentary nervous system."

MINISTER'S DOG RIDES IN CAB

Ex-Premier Clemenceau Has to Pay Fares for His Mastiff in French Capital.

Paris.—M. Clemenceau, the French statesman, owns a large and fierce mastiff, whose habit it is from time to time to make long excursions into outlying parts of Paris.

When he is tired, the dog will pump into a horse cab and sit there growling and showing his teeth if the cabman attempts to remove him.

Seeing the name and address of M. Clemenceau engraved on the dog's brass collar, the cabman finally drives the dog home. In this way M. Clemenceau has had several long fares to pay.

Will Not Prosecute Elopers. St. Clairsville, W. Va.—Elopers who lie about their ages in obtaining marriage licenses here need have no fear of the law. Judge Nichols has announced that no more prosecutions for age misrepresentation will be begun.

Arrest Brothers for Fighting. Yonkers, N. Y.—Frank, Andrew and Nicholas Holly, brothers, two of them twins, were arrested for fighting in a car. The trouble was caused by Andrew and Frank not liking the fiancée of Nicholas.

Auto Causes Divorce Suit. New Brunswick, N. J.—An automobile bought by Mrs. Laura M. Tunison for her husband is decreed by her to have caused the divorce. She is going for

show here, Louis Meyer was released when he explained that he had seen a fat man yank a long feather, which was tickling his bald spot, from a woman's hat. The fat man thought it was a fly.

Arrested for Laughing. Paterson, N. J.—Arrested for laughing long and loud at a moving picture

divorced.

divorced.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

ARMY CUTS OUT ALCOHOL.

The Austro-Hungarian army, according to the Vienna correspondent of the Journal of the American Medical Association (May 31, 1913), is closely limiting the use of alcohol.

The present unsettled political conditions in Europe have resulted in keeping a large number of soldiers in readiness for more than half a year, and the provisions for hygienic welfare of several hundred thousand men are being put to a crucial test.

A fact worthy of notice is the nearly complete absence of alcohol from the daily bill of fare of the soldiers on the frontier. The water supply in that country being none too good, care has been taken to instruct the soldiers in this respect that they are being constantly told that the old statement, "bad water is made innocuous by alcohol" is a dangerous misrepresentation.

It has also been ascertained that whenever a period of endurance was required of the soldiers those who took no alcohol were much more fit for work than the other men. In mountain climbing the consumption of alcoholic beverages was distinctly detrimental to the accuracy of stepping. The effect of sweetened liquid (sweet tea, coffee or milk) was very gratifying. The sweet, mild black Italian or Turkish wine with a very low percentage of alcohol was ranked with these other beverages, but even this wine was disallowed when long exercises were taken.

The experiences obtained by the army authorities will no doubt lead to a complete elimination of alcohol as "war rations" except for medical use, although here also experience speaks at least not in favor of an addition of alcohol for pneumonia, typhoid and general debility.

It is also noted that total abstainers form a negligible fraction among those soldiers who have to be punished for disorderly conduct, breach of discipline or other minor offenses of a military nature, although total abstinence is frequent in the rank and file of the army, for, in the anti-alcohol movement in Europe, says the correspondent, "our army is one of the leaders."

GOOD, BETTER, BEST.

Total abstinence for a town or county is good from a business standpoint, but there is something better and that is total abstinence for the state. It must certainly be conceded that a state whose taxable property has increased in ten years \$1,200,000,000, or at the rate of \$120,000,000 a year, is amazingly prosperous. Kansas is the commonwealth of which this fact is stated, and ex-Governor Stubbs is the man who vouches for the figures. He further affirms that Kansas contains more taxable property to the citizen than New York or Massachusetts; that its farmers own eighty-five per cent. of the bank deposits, and that these have increased at the rate of \$10,000,000 a year for ten years; that it has many well-populated agricultural counties in which the jails and the poorhouses have had no occupants for years.

All the other total abstinence states can testify that prohibition brings financial prosperity as well as home happiness and individual well being.

WHAT DID JOHN HAVE TO SHOW?

In a certain community which was going to vote "wet" or "dry," an Irishman and a publican were discussing the question. Finally, the Irishman, whose given name was John, said to the saloon keeper, "Yes, Binnie, I'm going to vote 'dry' next fall." "Now, John, you are joking," said the publican, "you are too good a friend of mine to put me out of business. Just think, I have been here twenty years, and all the money I have made I have put into this business. How am I going to get my money back?" The Irishman said: "Well, Ben, I have been here twenty years, and all the money I have made I have put into your business. How am I going to get back my money?"

INSURANCE AND LIQUOR.

The following strong temperance testimony has just been given by an industrial insurance man: "In Muncie, a city of about 35,000, our company placed many policies, the payment of which were met promptly and cheerfully. Last year the city voted wet, since which time our collectors have had the greatest difficulty in securing payments. In fact, delinquent payments and lapsed policies are now the rule instead of the exception. The industrial insurance men in the future will all vote for a temperance city, because it sustains and promotes their business."

LONG AND SHORT ELOQUENCE.

Several pages of a certain number of the Congressional Record are taken up by a speech of Congressman Barthold on Personal Liberty—a defense of the liquor traffic. But what is all the long eloquence of this representative as against this short eloquence of a woman writer to the Star: "My husband is also a firm believer in personal liberty, therefore the saloons get his money and my personal liberty consists in washing and scrubbing in order to feed my children."

WHITE EMBLEM.

White includes all the prismatic colors, so the white ribbon stands for all phases of reform, and there is no phase which the drink curse has not rendered necessary. Our emblem holds within itself the colors of all nations and stands for universal purity and patriotism, universal prohibition and philanthropy, and universal peace.—Frances E. Willard.

BAD ANY DAY.

If an open saloon is bad on election day, it is bad on any day.

Practical Fashions

DOLL'S DRESS.



With holiday approaching the dress of the doll becomes important. The one herewith offered is a one piece garment, sleeves, body and skirt all in one and with the closing in the back. A wide belt completes the dress. It may be made of remnants of material or of chaille, silk, lawn or other fabric, with belt of contrasting color and buttons of some bright tinted crystal. The dress pattern (6400) is cut in sizes for dolls from 14 to 26 inches in length. For a 24 inch doll it will require 1 yard of 27 or 36 inch material, 1 1/2 yards of edging and 3/4 yard of ribbon.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 6400 SIZE.....
NAME.....
TOWN.....
STREET AND NO.....
STATE.....

CHILD'S DRESS.



This dress is of sacque cut with a panel front, the closing being at one side of it. A wide collar trims the neck. The sleeves are of bishop design and may be long or short, while the ornamental sash need not be used unless desired. Plaid and striped chevrons or serge, chaille, and gingham, linen and poplin will all be suitable for this dress.

The dress pattern (6409) is cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Medium size requires 1 1/4 yards of 36 inch plain material and 1/2 yard of 36 inch plaid goods, with 2 1/4 yards of ribbon.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 6409 SIZE.....
NAME.....
TOWN.....
STREET AND NO.....
STATE.....

Autography Swindler.

Autograph hunting sometimes proves a profitable pursuit. A Frenchman of the last century, Ludovic Picard, made a steady income out of it for some years. His most successful coup was accomplished with a letter in which he posed as "one of the unappreciated who is meditating suicide and seeks for counsel and aid in this hour of sore distress." This effusion drew a number of celebrities, including Beranger and Heine. Lacordaire sent ten closely written pages, which were promptly converted into cash. Dickens also fell a victim, and took the trouble to answer in French. Even though Picard was shown up in the press by Jules Sandeau, and had to seek another occupation.

Antiseptics Applied to Canning Eggs.

Under a new system devised by the United States bureau of chemistry, fresh eggs are now being canned under perfect conditions. All utensils and receptacles are sterilized and the workers have to wash their hands just as a surgeon washes his before performing an operation. Each egg is candied before being broken; those that look good are broken separately into cups and only the perfect eggs go into the can. A worker who breaks a bad egg must before resuming work sterilize her hands and the instruments she has used. The work is done in cold rooms.

When the cans are filled they are sealed and frozen, in which state they can be kept until the bakers need them.

Problem in Mathematics.

At a motorcycle race round a circular track one spectator said to another, as the cycles went whirling round and round the course:

"There's Gogglesham—that man just going by!"

"Yes, I see," replied the other, "but how many cycles has he gone round in the race?"

"Add one—the cycles run round the track three times and that's all."

Now, how many cycles has he gone round in the race?"

STORIES from BIG CITIES



Why He Sold Coat He Had Intended for News

NEW YORK.—Stepping briskly in the chilly air of early morning, but wrapped in his great coat, a veteran commuter from Douglaston, approached his favorite "newsboy," an aged man who holds forth at the way and Thirty-fourth street, and whose bench was shaking violently as he shifted from one thoroughfare to another at the intersection of the wind. A light summer coat, was all the protection he had for cold. (Certainly, the man wore trousers, all the reporter forgot to mention it.)

"Just a bit chilly for you, old man," said the commuter, with an undiscounted note of compassion in his voice.

"Yes, it is very, very cold on this corner," turned in shivery tones.

The warmth of his big coat spread to the man from Douglaston. He had an overcoat at home, a coat he wore on cold trips and in bad weather. The election had been to his liking and everything else in the world he desired, he made up his mind to bring along the second overcoat for the "newsboy" next morning.

Carrying the coat on his arm, and choking just a little with the emotion that fills the breast of man when rendering a kindly deed, he debated how he would give the coat to him without show or any chance of giving offense.

"Not so chilly this morning," he said, "but rather cool yet, rather cozy."

"It is," said the newsdealer, "but probably not as cold here as it is in the country where you live."

"We've had some frost out there, but none this morning."

"We've known each other in a business way for several years," the aged man said with a smile. "But I never knew where you lived."

"Oh, I live at Douglaston, just 13 miles out. Best place on Long Island," replied the commuter, with the customary review of the species commutator.

"Douglaston? Why, that is where my property is located," said the "newsboy," "or rather, Douglaston Manor. I like that section best, for it is more exclusive and naturally the property is more valuable."

"You own property there?" gasped the commuter.

"Yes, I intended to build last year, but you see something else came up and I was obliged to postpone it until next spring."

The commuter took his newspaper and turned toward Seventh avenue, where he sold the coat to a second-hand dealer for \$3. The \$3 he applied on the payment of a lot he was buying in Douglaston on the pay-when-you-catch-me arrangement.

An Opprobrious Epithet or a Delicate Compliment?

PHILADELPHIA.—Michael Madden, patrolman No. 23, is in trouble. Michael was loosening the roots of a trolley feed wire pole by leaning his 230-pound bulk against it, and furnishing inspiration for an admiring small boy carrying a dead kitten by the tail, who was trying to imitate the most professional way in which he was juggling his club. Meanwhile he was discussing with a friend of the female persuasion the state of health of his friend and her husband, Dennis Flannigan, since a little affair that had taken place in McGraw's place around the corner.

To him came, as abruptly and vivaciously as a setting hen routed from her nest, another lady who shattered the surrounding atmosphere with an account of how she had just been robbed of her purse by a man whom she pointed out scurrying into the crowd on the other side of the street. Michael calmly surveyed her in the detached, aristocratic way impossible to all save policemen and members of the British nobility, and when she stopped to get her breath he sententiously informed her that she was "talking through her hat."

What Lady No. 2 then told Patrolman No. 23 is not set down, but probably it was interesting. Anyway, Michael Madden has been summoned to appear before the board of police commissioners. And the board doesn't quite know what to do. It is trying to find out whether "talking through your hat" is equivalent to an opprobrious epithet or is a delicate compliment to the language of a queen of the hearts of men.

Probably it will simmer down, at the trial, to the kind of hat the lady was wearing. If it was one of those derelict things, looking as though it had been found in an ash heap by a bull pup and subsequently caressed by him—the kind which imitators of the Bowers girl affect on vaudeville amateur nights—the case will probably go bad with Michael. Remarks sifted through that kind of a screen would naturally take on something of the abandon with which a tramp being kicked off a freight train uses his vocabulary.

On the other hand, if the lid was one of those startling things which look as though they had been cast in a battered brass boiler from a pile of junk, the wreck of a dry goods emporium and the remnants of a riot in a bird store, he is probably saved.

Light on Question of "How to Beat a Board Bill"

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Now light on the question, "How to Beat a Board Bill," is furnished by the employment department of the Children's Aid association, which unconsciously was made to be of service in a successful effort of that kind.

Mrs. C. B. Collins, 421 East New York street, was holding the suit case of a young French woman for the board bill of herself and her uncle, a gray-haired man.

"You pay me the money and I will let you have the suit case," she told the young woman.

"I will get you job and pay," was the young woman's confident return.

She was unusually neat and attractive and told the employment department of the Children's Aid association, in the Baldwin block, that she wished a position as a French governess.

"There are not many such positions to be had, but we will see what we can do."

The young woman left and Miss Edith Spray put in calls to many North side families where a French governess might be needed, but without result. Later in the day there entered the office a gray-haired man carrying a grip, who said he wished a French teacher for his children and could pay \$8 a week and give the teacher a home.

The Collins boarding house was called and the applicant, not being at home, the message was given to the woman who answered the telephone.

"Tell Miss — we have a position for her and that she is to come here tomorrow morning and bring her suit case prepared to leave if everything is all right after she talks to Mr. —"

But the next day came and went and neither the French governess nor her prospective employer appeared to meet and talk things over.

Beauty Stations Are Talked About in Milwaukee

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—It may be necessary to establish municipal beauty stations in Milwaukee before many days if street car crews, policemen and the population of the sterner sex are sincere in their statements. Of course they don't want to be "real mean" or "horrid" about it, but they declare this would be the only means of satisfying the powder puff, which they declare has become almost a public menace. Everything that shines has been used by the fair sex as mirrors.

"I had a woman in an electric brougham stop her car in the middle of the block not long since and congest traffic the entire block," said Crossing Officer Johnston, at Grand and East Water streets. "She calmly took a hand mirror out of her purse and proceeded to dab herself while autos behind screamed their horns and teamsters swore softly. But what could you do? Our orders are to be courteous, so I just had to stand still until that nose was powdered."

A floorwalker in a Grand avenue store pointed to a post surrounded by mirrors on each side. "That post," said he, "is the best point of lots of women who scrutinize most carefully every angle of their faces, and others must fairly wedge their way through."

